

## Michael

This furry fucker loves leather, singlets, and being naked!

Tom "Sarge" Greenlief's  
**IML 2022 Insight**

Edward Murillo Moreno interviews  
**Booty Master**

Taylor Imagined  
**Austin Lacrosse**

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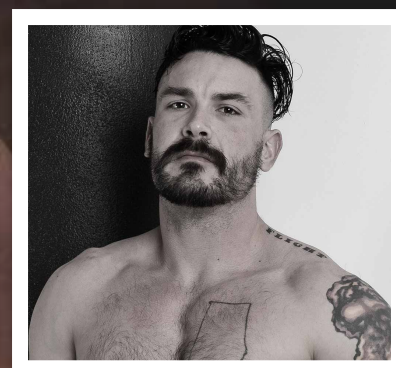
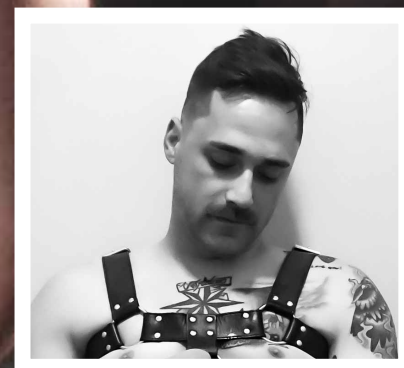
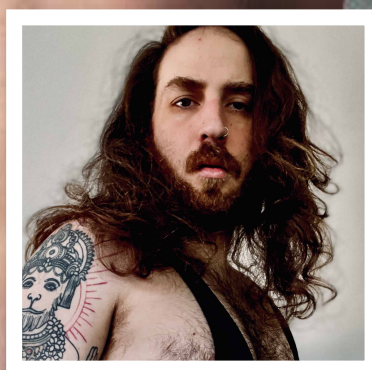
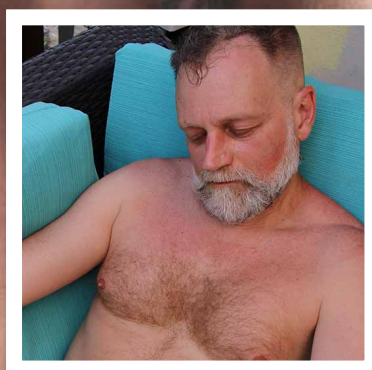
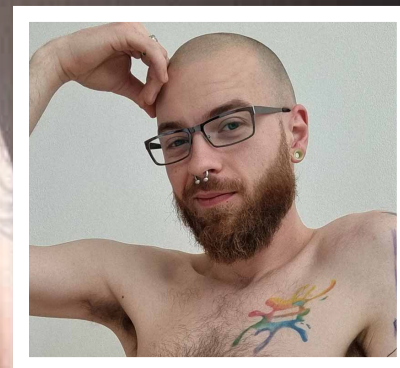
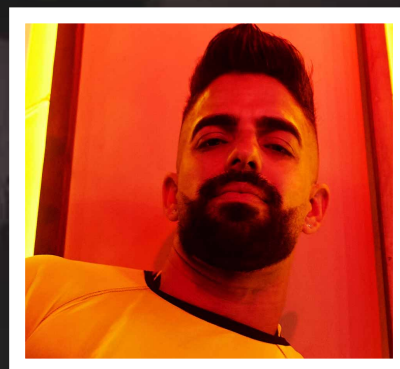
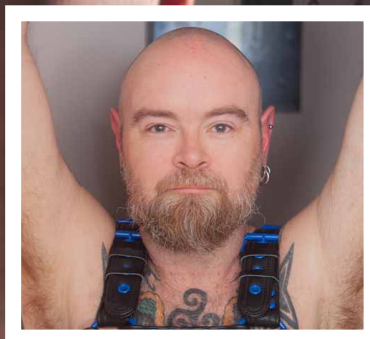
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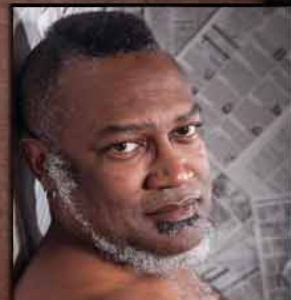
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# Ramblings From the Editor

Well damn, people! It's only a few shorts weeks until IML 2022 and I gotta say, I am stoked beyond belief.

I figured I'd get a few "bites" by guys wanting to be in the Magazine. Imagine my surprise when my available time is just about booked up now! And that happened in the process of just a few days! And let me tell ya, these guys are HOT AS FUCK!

Not counting my chickens before they hatch, but if they all actually show, you people are going to be drooling for the rest of the year, as if you haven't been already! LOL

Speaking of IML 2022, if you haven't checked out all the hot men running this year, you can see them at Class of 2022. Damn, are there some hot men there!! It's going to be a hell of a comeback contest, after this COVID mess, for IML. I am very happy I'll get to be there for it. And I can't thank Sarge enough for making it happen. Now if I could just convince him to model for me, the weekend would be complete!!

Ok, now onto more sour things. What the fuck is going on with our Supreme Court? Whatever happened to "what is best for Amercia" as opposed to "what is best for so called Christianity"?

Look, you can worship any damned way you want, as far as I'm concerned, however that does not give you the right to force the way you worship down the throats of the rest of our country. If you don't want an abortion because your book says not to, don't get a damned abortion but don't think because you shouldn't

get one, no other women shouldn't

What's next? Because your books supposedly says gays are against God that you should start making us illegal too? You don't think that is possible, well pull your head out of your ass, because it is and that fucktard that wrote that brief is setting things up for EXACTLY that!

Now on to more positive rants. In case you have not been paying attention to the WHO website, or news in general, the first reported case of a woman being cured of HIV after receiving Stem cells was reported in March. We are almost there, folks! Perhaps we'll see it in our lifetime that this fucked up disease is finally a thing of the past! If you want to read about it, here's the link.

Alright, folks, one more time, I have a premiere ticket package for IML 2022. I'd hate to see it go to waste, so damn it, someone that wants to go needs to hit me up! If you live in or around Chicago and want to experience this fucking wild hot leather rubber fetish induced good time, all you need to do is send me an email or DM on any of the social media sites. First to come gets the ticket, no pun intended!

STAY SAFE!

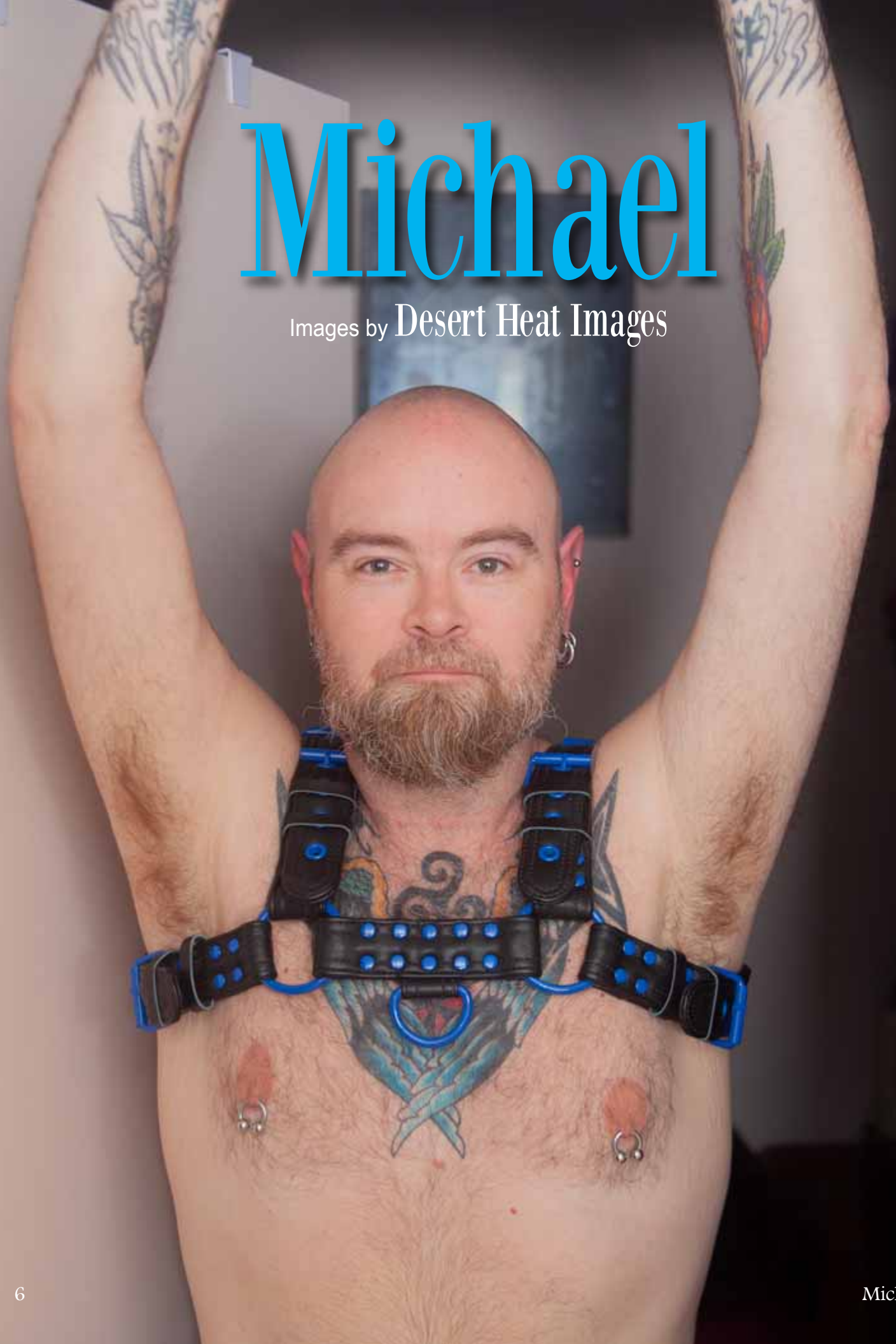
As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



# Michael

Images by Desert Heat Images













Michael








Michael





# THE COP & EX CON



Story by  
**Dogbone421**

## Chapter 3

The next two weeks were long and very tiring. Every evening when I would get up and hit the shower, I saw the actions of my sex with Mark. The marks he left on my neck were slowly leaving me, but they lasted way too long! I always had to make sure my shirt collar was up high around my fellow officers and my neck tie tight. I had to admit that every time I saw them, I was reminded of the great sex we had. My balls drew up tighter when I thought of it. Working 12 hours shifts as a patrol officer are at times boring and also stressful.

But I needed the time away from Mark to get things sorted out in my head. I realized so far that things were working out for me and nothing "wrong" had come of my actions. I wanted to call Mark on the one day I had off, but decided against it. I figured in my "cop mind" I needed to get some space between us and see how things turned out. But I couldn't deny the need I had for sex now. Mark had definitely awoken that in me.

Thursday night was my day off on this crazy overtime schedule. I got up early and got things done that I didn't have time to earlier in the week. Bills always have to be paid even if you're a cop. I pulled on my favorite sweat pants and a tee shirt and felt relaxed. It was the first time I had worn a tee shirt in public since I had received the hickies. You could still see a very dark blue and yellow spot

on my neck just above my collar, but it was light. I ignored the idea of what others might think as I headed out. I figured I wouldn't be running into anybody I knew. Thanks god it was summer time and the sunlight lasts longer. I hate winter months on the late shift.

I paid some bills here and there and headed to the bank. The drive thru was backed up so I went inside to make a deposit. One of my favorite female tellers was open so I walked up and stood in her line. She had been trying to put the make on me for about a year. When I walked up, we shot the breeze for a few second. Then I saw her eyes lock on my neck. I instantly knew she saw what was left of the places that Mark had put on me. Her eyes looked down quickly and I stuttered somewhat not even realizing I was. In all my thoughts I had never guessed her seeing them when I put on a tee shirt. Here was a woman who was lusting after me, seeing the results of sex with a man on me! Boy, if only she knew!

I wrapped up our conversation that had dropped off quickly and made my way back outside. Once inside my truck, I checked my mirror again to see if they were that obvious. I ran my hand through my short hair as I saw the evidence plain as day.

I decided to hit the local convenience store

before heading back home. I grabbed a coke and some chips and headed for the counter. I reached in my front pocket for some change when I pulled out a phone number on a scarp piece of paper. I stared at it as I reached for my wallet instead. It was Dutch's phone number that was written across a naked woman's leg. I then remember him writing it down and offering it to me. I had put it in the pocket of these pants I wore that day after I moved it from my shirt.

I paid for my items and slowly headed out. My cock hung heavy in my jockeys as I reminisced about Dutch. When I got in my truck, I scratched my balls and adjusted my thickening cock. I instantly had thoughts of calling him, just to see how he was doing. I wasn't sure if I should wonder what Mark would think if he ever found out. I did know I didn't want to connect with Mark again so soon, but with Dutch, that might be different. I picked up my phone and slowly tapped in his number. I pushed call as I thought of what I was going to say. It rang a few times before a woman answered it.

Quickly I asked for Dutch hoping to sound casual. She replied that he was outside in the shed working on his bike and would go get him. I heard her lay the phone down and walk away yelling for him. A few seconds later, I heard a squeaky screen door open and slam as he yelled, "who is it?"

In the background I could hear her yell back, "she didn't know!" Then heavy footsteps could be heard moving towards the phone and finally Dutch asking in the phone, "Yeah, who is this?"

I quickly told him who I was and asked if he remembered me. His voice changed to a nicer tone and said of course he remembered. He then told me to hold on a second. Trying to cover the receiver some, I could still hear him yell at his girlfriend.

"This is a private call bitch! Aint you got something to do elsewhere?"

A door slamming in the background was followed by Dutch speaking back into the phone. He talked really low and snickered that he was happy I had called him back. I asked how he was and wondered if he was still walking around with a full nut sack! I listened intently as he said he had not shot a load since he and I had last fucked. He said his girlfriend was in here eighth month and that she was totally turned off to sex completely.

"Pulse I hate riding a camel hump," he laughed!

I mentioned I had tonight off and was kind of wondering if he wanted to connect? Almost instantly he offered he could slip away if I was serious. He wanted to know if we could meet somewhere. I told him I didn't know of a place right off hand where we could fuck at. He suggested a gas station on a street I heard of before. After giving me the location, he wanted to connect as soon as possible like in ten or fifteen minutes or so he offered.

"Dude, my nuts are already on notice and I need this now," he whispered in the phone! "Gotta be a blow job today because I'm tight on time away from here. The bitch keeps me on a tight string! I'm kinda dirty, greasy and sweaty from working all day and on bikes now. You still interested?"

I hung up and sat in my truck for a few minutes killing a little time. I drank my coke and listened to the radio as I thought of sex with Dutch. I found myself absent-mindedly rubbing my crotch as I waited. When I figured enough time had passed, I started my truck and pulled away. I drove over to where he suggested, parking near the back of the building. When I pulled in, I saw him standing next to his bike. His lump in his crotch looked impressive even from far away. When I pulled in a parking space, he casually walked over. We shook hands and he smiled a big smile as he leaned towards my window. I noticed his hands were dark from grease. He was dressed in a sleeveless tee shirt and ball cap. His construction boots and the bottom of his jeans were caked with dry mud. It looked like he was still wearing the cloths he wore to work today.

"Hey bro, good to see you again," he spoke.

He dangled the restroom key in my face as he grinned wide. I told him he looked extra horny today! He laughed and wanted to know if it really showed that bad. We both had a good chuckle when I answered it did!

We shot the shit for a bit before there was a lull in the conversation. Then the mood turned towards sex.

"I figure Mark doesn't know you're here," he then asked?

"Hell no," was my quick reply!

"Good," he answered as he looked around. "Figure you two haven't fucked much lately because he hasn't mentioned you. Well lets get



this going bro, my nuts are cooking in this heat," was his final words as he tapped the side of my truck door and walked towards the building.

I followed him around back keeping a healthy distance. Hopefully no one would see us both go in. I watched his beautiful ass in his tight jeans as he unlocked the bathroom door and stepped inside.

As I opened the door, it I saw him standing in front of a urinal.

"Hey man, make sure the door is locked," he bellowed my way! "I gotta take a wicked piss before we get started!"

The place smelled of old piss and the trashcan was overflowing. I couldn't help but watch him standing at the urinal. Tall and handsome looking with his arms atop the partitions between the pissers. He then hit the flush handle and stepped back from it. His pants were fully open in a "V" with his soft cock hanging down.

I slowly stepped over to him wanting this just as badly as he did. Before I got on my knees, I asked if he was sure we were safe here doing this. He patted my face cheek and said, "If we hurry!"

I got down on my knees before him and looked at his beautiful cock. It jerked to life before me as I watched. Slowly as it swelled, his foreskin slipped over his cock head and was exposed! His shinny cock head was a beautiful pink color and smelled like a man. I was fascinated by how big a mushroom cock head he possessed.

He asked me to go easy on his cock head because it was extra sensitive as I licked the tip. I moved my hand under his shaft and reached in his jockeys for his balls. Dutch pulled his pants lower on his hips and his balls now hung free for me. I noticed his crotch hair was very fine, not course like Mark's. As I fondled his nut sack, he asked if I could feel the load in them?

I quickly answered I could as I noticed his right nut hung so much lower than his other one. My eyes caught the size of his jockeys as I admired this man's balls. Hanes, size 34 stared up at me!

The front waistband of his underwear had some mud at the top that I assumed was from pulling them down to piss at work. I slowly opened my mouth and very cautiously sucked his cock head in. I instantly was rewarded with the taste old piss as my tongue explored the crown and extra

skin around the back of his cock head. I dug my tongue between the folded skin and felt the softness and thickness of his foreskin. I enjoyed exploring the area as my tongue wet the folds and learned more about the man attached to it. As I took in more and more of his shaft, he moaned with pleasure above me. Slowly I could begin to taste the slickness that leaked from his piss slit. My spit glands were working overtime to wet his full shaft as he started to move. He quickly grabbed both sides of my head and began to hump my face. He forced me fully down on his shaft as my gag reflex kicked in. He coached me on relaxing my throat and breathing through my noise as he pulled back and quickly went deep again. It took a quite a few times for me to open up my throat without chocking so badly. But before I knew it, I felt his nuts swinging against my chin! My nostrils flared as I breathed hard through them for air and also to savor the scent of his crotch.

"You're doing really good cop," he bellowed as he continued his assault on my mouth!

He only pulled his shaft out a few inches before slamming it back against my face. His pants dropped to his knees as he kept up a steady thrusting movement. With his belt buckle making a continuous clacking sound as he fucked. My head was deep in his crotch with both of his thighs next to my cheeks. His hands held my head firmly in place making sure I didn't resist his attack. He slowly started to breath and thrust faster and I knew he wouldn't last much longer. I held his beefy thighs to balance us better as he began to move towards climax. Within seconds he pushed my head as far down on his shaft as possible and began to squirt in the depths of my

throat. His lower belly expanded and contracted as my eyes looked up. I couldn't taste his sperm at first because it went directly into my belly. My throat contracted around his shaft as I swallowed what he offered.

Dutch stroked the back of my head and jerked as he let his nuts drain. Slowly he came down from his climax and he eased his shaft back from my throat. My tongue instantly found his cock head and began to hunt for his piss slit. Finding it quickly, I dug deep and found the taste I was

*Continued on page 20*

It's so nice of spring to have begun in earnest here. My back yard and garden are in bloom, and like last year, I'm

planting seed to reap the benefits all year long. And with the arrival of spring, so does the hormonal shift to procreate. I

just landed softly from a wonderful mushroom trip with good friends this weekend so I'm feeling connected to the things I have and desire.

Birds do it. Bees do it...

I'm aching for some social interaction that isn't my household and listening to people type out their live reactions to things regarding the Oscars is not it. I also don't want to be one of THOSE people who take to social media pining for things instead of actively manifesting the sating their sexual urges. I want to shake people who moan on and on about what they aren't getting. Make your lives magical. Get off your ass and make it happen.

I'm thinking I need to do something really indulgent, decadent and erotic. I should really pursue creating that satyr costume I wanted to make. Paper mâché horns are no problem, and the latex ears I've seen on Etsy, and there are these stilts that make you a good foot taller... and you could cover the legs with fur... and make these furry chaps... and and and....

I miss fucking around outside. I haven't done that in a long, long time and I can't see myself doing that in my backyard until I have much more privacy. It's bad enough when we are having a bonfire and have people over or we are doing some spell work, I've got a nosey neighbor always peering at us from her kitchen window. Even with the massive amounts of grapevines there, I still see her so that means she can see me. I've also got friendly (not that kind) neighbors to the rear of my property who are always waving at us. Then there is the neighbor to the other side who has a flood light that turns on all the time and is pointed into my back



yard like a spotlight. So the yard needs to be a lot more secure before any shenanigans can occur.

As far as indoor sports are concerned, an intimate game of handball needs to happen sooner rather than later. I've decided to renew my subscription to a fisting website I used to frequent.

I've met some decent guys through it in the past so I'm hoping that I can have a semi-regular buddy to take care of my punch-fucking needs.

Spring (so far) has been rather eventful. I'll be well into my brand new career position at "Big Institution". I gave notice at my part time temporary position and everyone there got really passive aggressive in the end so I'm really glad I'm moving on, even if I liked all of the people I worked with.

My paintings that I sold to an author finally reached the UK after they were delayed in transit on both sides of the pond by our ridiculous customs people. I'm really eager to do more canvas paintings. I'm incredibly happy to see they have arrived at his home safe and sound.

As promised, I pulled the trigger and ordered a dining room table for my newly 'soft-updated' kitchen. The cool part is the dining room table converts to a gaming table for the D&D games (yes, plural.). The leaves on the table are removable and hide your game underneath, so when you come back to dungeon delve it's there under the table top. This should arrive sometime this May.

And last but not least - I finally was initiated into the shamanic witchcraft tradition, The Unnamed Path. I can't say much about it privately or publicly but do know that it was emotionally moving and cathartic. It was finally time as I felt I had grown considerably as a person and in my practice.

I've been a busy bee and would like to be a little busier living the best way possible.

--  
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looking for! Tasting virile and potent, I savored his baby making slime!

"Easy man, easy," he coaxed me as I dug into his slit over and over! "He's really sensitive after I nut! I know you're a cock hound and want my sperm, but you gotta go easy!"

I backed off on his piss slit after I got all I thought I could. I now focused on licking his cock head clean as he softened in my mouth. His foreskin quickly retracted back over his cock head as I licked his rosebud now at his tip.

Satisfied I'd done all I could for him, I let him slip from my mouth. I then saw a large amount of spit on his ball sack just under where my mouth was. I gripped his loose hanging sack and gently licked both nuts dry. The hair on his nuts was plastered against his sack when I was done bathing them!

As I sat back and was about to get up, I grabbed his shaft one last time. It had shrunk really small by this time. I examined the tip of his foreskin and slowly pulled his skin back from protecting his head. Instantly I saw his bright red piss slit come into view. As I squeezed his shaft slightly, the slit produced a small white drip of clotted sperm. Like a fine delicacy, I licked it up and dug my tongue in his slit again.

"God dam bro, you love that shit don't you," he asked as he pulled from me? "You gotta give me a break man, your killing my cock head here! There's more where this came from if you're willing to hook up with me again!"

Dutch quickly started pulling his pants and shorts back up as I sat there on my knees. I watched him place his family jewels to the right in his shorts and then pull his jeans up on his hips. He cupped his crotch and began to rezip his pants. It was really weird to watch another guy put everything back and adjust himself at this angle.

Dutch then tapped my shoulder and told me to get myself together as he turned and looked at himself in the mirror. I stood and brushed some grim from my sweats knees and re-tucked my shirt. My hard cock tented the front of my sweats embarrassingly as I stood there.

"You need to take a piss or go jerk yourself off," he asked as he looked at the front of my sweats?"

I answered no, as Dutch started to laugh!

"What's the matter," I asked?

"Dude, come over here and look in the mirror for yourself," he offered!

I could see my ears and the side of my face had black grease on them from Dutch's dirty hands. He turned on the hot water and got a paper towel and soap. Easily he cleaned them for me and wiped the sides of my head also that were dirty. He took his time and held me with his other arm in place as he worked. I thanked him when he said I was "Good now!"

"It's the least I can do for you," he said kindly as he patted my stomach. "My scums swimming around inside here bro! I've dumped in both

ends now buddy," he snickered as he ran his hand behind my back and traced my butt crack. "Next time I want this again!"

We both left the men's room together and he returned the key as I waited. We walked to our vehicles together talking about how hot it had been lately like most dudes would do. When I got to my truck Dutch asked if he could buy us a beer inside and we could talk. I waited in my truck as he

went back in and bought us both a cold one wrapped in a paper bag. He got in my vehicle and we sat and bullshitted for a little. The cold beer washed the taste of sex from my mouth much to my dismay! The conversation turned to Mark before long and he informed me that Mark had gotten a job. It was at a junkyard close by and he fit right in. I asked him if he knew if Mark was having sex with anybody else besides me right now? He said he didn't think so.

"Mark's a good guy," he offered as he tipped his beer back fully. "He's also lucky to have you to fuck. I hate the fact that we are fucking around together behind his back," he offered. But I think we can keep this between us and you can keep servicing me regular, don't you?"

We shot the shit a little longer before he said he needed to get back home. He told me how good a job I did on his cock and that he wanted to "make a baby" with me next time.

"Next time," I answered? "I promise! Next time we'll do this right," came from him!

The sun was beginning to drop as I pulled away with Dutch headed in the opposite direction.





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**INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER WEEKEND**





## Models

**Mason Dixxon,  
JPruger,  
ChgoLthrBiker,  
Sub In Blue,  
Jay Daze,  
PADaddyJ**

# Sarge's Men In Leather

**Photography  
by  
Sarge**





**Jay Daze**

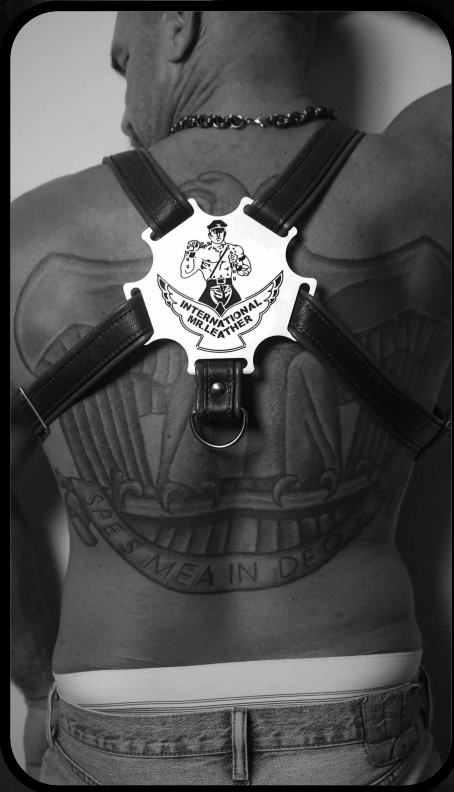


**Mason  
Dixxon**





**JPruger**





**ChgoLthrBiker**







**Sub In Blue**



**PADaddyJ**





# Stealth Load



Story by ZeroLevelBottom

Spring is the perfect time to get outside, enjoy the warm weather and combine a run with checking out known cruising spots.

I just finished my jog and was enjoying a drink under a picnic shelter when I saw the same car pass by me three times.

I'm not a novice and knew what was happening. So I wasn't surprised that on the 4th pass the driver parked near the trail bathroom and was coyly checking me out.

I decided to put on a show and began a seductive stretching program to see what he would do. While bent over I heard his car door close and his footsteps crunching towards the bathroom. I glanced around, checking we were alone and followed him.

He was late 50s, a little doughy, thin beard and a total dad look. I joined him at the next urinal when he just stepped back with his cock still in hand point at me. He gave me this facial expression that said "well, you sucking or not".

I guided him by the hand to the end stall and knelt before this stranger. I let his cock slowly slide past my lips and into my mouth. He responded with a soft moan.

He cock was salty and warm. I gently wrapped my fingers around his shaft to help guide

and massage him as I gave him a loving and passionate blowjob. I could feel his semi- flaccid cock grow larger in my mouth as I went down on him again and again.

He grabbed my hair and pulled out with a jerk, my hand still grasping his cock. His sudden withdrawal made me wonder if someone had caught us. I wanted to ask him what was wrong but all I could stammer out was "deby eng ok, ugh wong?" I realized that I was choking on a monster load that miraculously appear in my mouth. I started to gag and had no choice but to swallow to breathe. I was confused. He was barely hard and I only sucked him off for 2 minutes. There's no way he came in my mouth already!

"You came in my mouth" I breathless grunted; wiping his cum from my lips.

He was taken back and defensive. "Wasn't I supposed to?"

"Of course" I said with a seductive smile to ease the tension. "I just didn't expect it so soon"

He laughed, ruffled my hair as I was still on my knees, said "see ya around" and left.

I washed the taste of him out of my mouth and cleaned up in front of the mirror. I was still confused by what happened but still proud of my handiwork.

# DHM Fan ~ Dorsenuddist





# 4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J

Coming Soon!

# GETTING RAW

with PA DADDY J



## Peyronie's Disease

In my line of work, I see hundreds of penises every day in every color, shape, size, and form. Being exposed so often, to that many schlongs, has made me very aware of the physiology and anatomy of the male genitalia. So, when I see variations in penile curvature, I stop and look closely for signs of what could be a potential medical condition that affects men, yet is not well known nor discussed between ourselves.

So...what exactly am I talking about? I'm talking about guys that have extreme curvatures on their penises — curvatures so extreme that sometimes you take a double look. Guys, we are talking about Peyronie's Disease. A medical condition that affects 1 in 10 men in the U.S. alone and some are not even aware that they suffer from it until the disease has progressed to the point of causing discomfort and pain.



This is a big one guys, so pay attention. This could be something that could save you a lot of pain, frustration, and major medical intervention in the future. The information contained in this article has been provided by the Mayo Clinic and it is intended to be used for educational purposes and not as treatment for the condition. Once again, I will present you with the proper information regarding this condition and you will decide what you will do with said information. So, let's get to it, shall we?

### What is Peyronie's Disease?

Peyronie's disease is a noncancerous condition resulting from fibrous scar tissue that develops on the penis and causes curved, painful erections. Penises vary in shape and size, and having a curved erection isn't necessarily a cause for concern. But Peyronie's disease causes a significant bend (see images A through F) or pain in some men.

This can prevent you from having sex or might make it difficult to get or maintain an erection (erectile dysfunction). For many men, Peyronie's disease also

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causes stress and anxiety. Penile shortening is another common concern.

Peyronie's disease rarely goes away on its own. In most men with Peyronie's disease, the condition will remain as is or worsen. Early treatment, soon after developing the condition, may keep it from getting worse or even improve symptoms. Even if you've had the condition for some time, treatment may help improve bothersome symptoms, such as pain, curvature and penile shortening.

## What are the Symptoms of Peyronie's Disease?

Peyronie's disease signs and symptoms might appear suddenly or develop gradually. The most common signs and symptoms include:

- **Scar tissue.** The scar tissue associated with Peyronie's disease — called plaque but different from plaque that can build up in blood vessels — can be felt under the skin of the penis as flat lumps or a band of hard tissue.
- **A significant bend to the penis.** Your penis might curve upward or downward or bend to one side.
- **Erection problems.** Peyronie's disease might cause problems getting or maintaining an erection (erectile dysfunction). But, often men report erectile dysfunction before the beginning of Peyronie's disease symptoms.
- **Shortening of the penis.** Your penis might become shorter as a result of Peyronie's disease.
- **Pain.** You might have penile pain, with or without an erection.
- **Other penile deformity.** In some men with Peyronie's disease, the erect penis might have narrowing, indentations or even an hourglass-like appearance, with a tight, narrow band around the shaft.

The curvature and penile shortening associated with Peyronie's disease might

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gradually worsen. At some point, however, the condition typically stabilizes after three to 12 months or so. Pain during erections usually improves within one to two years, but the scar tissue, penile shortening and curvature often remain. In some men, both the curvature and pain associated with Peyronie's disease improve without treatment.

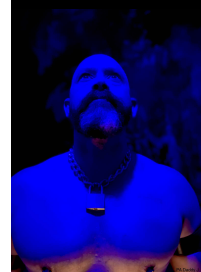
## What Causes Peyronie's Disease?

The cause of Peyronie's disease isn't completely understood, but a number of factors appear to be involved. It is thought Peyronie's disease generally results from repeated injury to the penis. For example, the penis might be damaged during sex, athletic activity or as the result of an accident. However, most often, no specific trauma to the penis is recalled.

During the healing process after injury to the penis, scar tissue forms in a disorganized manner. This can lead to a nodule you can feel or development of curvature.

Each side of the penis contains a spongelike tube (corpus cavernosum) that contains many tiny blood vessels. Each of the corpora cavernosa is encased in a sheath of elastic tissue called the tunica albuginea, which stretches during an erection.

When you become sexually aroused, blood flow to these chambers increases. As the





chambers fill with blood, the penis expands, straightens and stiffens into an erection. In Peyronie's disease, when the penis becomes erect, the region with the scar tissue doesn't stretch, and the penis bends or becomes disfigured and possibly painful.

In some men, Peyronie's disease comes on gradually and doesn't seem to be related to an injury. Researchers are investigating whether Peyronie's disease might be linked to an inherited trait or certain health conditions.

## Risk Factors

Minor injury to the penis doesn't always lead to Peyronie's disease. However, various factors can contribute to poor wound healing and scar tissue buildup that might play a role in Peyronie's disease. These include:

- **Heredity.** If a family member has Peyronie's disease, you have an increased risk of the condition.
- **Connective tissue disorders.** Men who have certain connective tissue disorders appear to have an increased risk of developing Peyronie's disease. For example, a number of men who have Peyronie's disease also have a cordlike thickening across the palm that causes the fingers to pull inward (Dupuytren's contracture).
- **Age.** Peyronie's disease can occur in men of any age, but the prevalence of the condition increases with age, especially for men in their 50s and 60s. Curvature in younger men is less often due to Peyronie's disease and is more commonly called congenital penile curvature. A small amount of curvature in younger men is normal and not concerning.
- **Other factors** — including certain health conditions, smoking and some types of prostate surgery — might be linked to Peyronie's disease.

## Complications

- Inability to have sexual intercourse
- Difficulty achieving or maintaining an erection (erectile dysfunction)
- Anxiety or stress about sexual abilities or the appearance of your penis
- Stress on your relationship with your sexual partner
- Difficulty fathering a child, because intercourse is difficult or impossible
- Reduced penis length
- Penile pain

## Diagnosis

A physical exam is often sufficient to identify the presence of scar tissue in the penis and diagnose Peyronie's disease. Rarely, other conditions cause similar symptoms and need to be ruled out. Tests to diagnose Peyronie's disease and understand exactly what's causing your symptoms might include the following:

- **Physical exam.** Your doctor will feel (palpate) your penis when it's not erect, to identify the location and amount of scar tissue. He or she might also measure the length of your penis. If the condition continues to worsen, this initial measurement helps determine whether the penis has shortened. Your doctor might also ask you to bring in photos of your erect penis taken at home. This can determine the degree of curvature, location of scar tissue or other details that might help identify the best treatment approach.
- **Other tests.** Your doctor might order an ultrasound or other tests to examine your penis when it's erect. Before testing, you'll likely receive an injection directly into the penis that causes it to become erect. Ultrasound is the most commonly used test for penis abnormalities. Ultrasound tests use sound waves to produce images of soft tissues. These tests can show the presence of scar tissue, blood flow to the penis and any other abnormalities.





## Treatment

Treatment recommendations for Peyronie's disease depend on how long it's been since you began having symptoms.

- **Acute phase.** You have penile pain or changes in curvature or length or a deformity of the penis. The acute phase happens early in the disease and may last only two to four weeks but sometimes lasts for up to a year or longer.
- **Chronic phase.** Your symptoms are stable, and you have no penile pain or changes in curvature, length or deformity of the penis. The chronic phase happens later in the disease and generally occurs around three to 12 months after symptoms begin.

For the **acute phase** of the disease, treatments range from:

- **Recommended.** When used early in the disease process, penile traction therapy prevents length loss and minimizes the extent of curvature that occurs.
- **Optional.** Medical and injection therapies are optional in this phase, with some more effective than others.
- **Not recommended.** Surgery isn't recommended until the disease stabilizes, to avoid the need for repeat surgery.

For the **chronic phase** of the disease, several potential treatments are available. They may be done alone or in combination:

- Watchful waiting
- Injection treatments
- Traction therapy
- Surgery

Oral medications aren't recommended in the chronic phase, as they haven't been shown to be effective at this stage of the disease. Shock wave therapy, stem cells and platelet-rich plasma also haven't been shown to be effective in human studies.

Medications

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A number of oral medications have been tried to treat Peyronie's disease, but they have not been shown to be effective consistently and are not as effective as surgery.

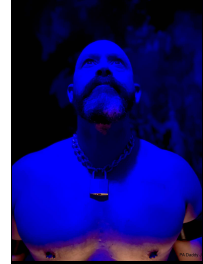
In some men, drugs injected directly into the penis might reduce curvature and pain associated with Peyronie's disease. Depending on the therapy, you might be given a local anesthetic to prevent pain during the injections.

If you have one of these treatments, you'll likely receive multiple injections over several months. Injection medications may also be used in combination with oral drugs or traction therapies.

## Medications

- **Collagenase.** The only FDA-approved medication for Peyronie's disease is collagenase clostridium histolyticum (Xiaflex). This medicine has been approved for use in adult men with moderate to severe curvatures and a palpable nodule. This therapy has been shown to improve curvature and bothersome symptoms associated with Peyronie's disease. The treatment works by breaking down the buildup of collagen that causes penile curvature. Collagenase appears to be more effective when used in conjunction with "modeling," which is forcible bending of the penis in the opposite direction of the bend.
- **Verapamil.** This is a drug normally used to treat high blood pressure. It appears to disrupt the production of collagen, a protein that might be a key factor in the formation of Peyronie's disease scar tissue. The drug is well tolerated and may reduce pain, too.
- **Interferon.** This is a type of protein that appears to disrupt the production of fibrous tissue and help break it down. One placebo-controlled trial

*Continued on pg 46*



# ATELIER CAVALIER PARTY

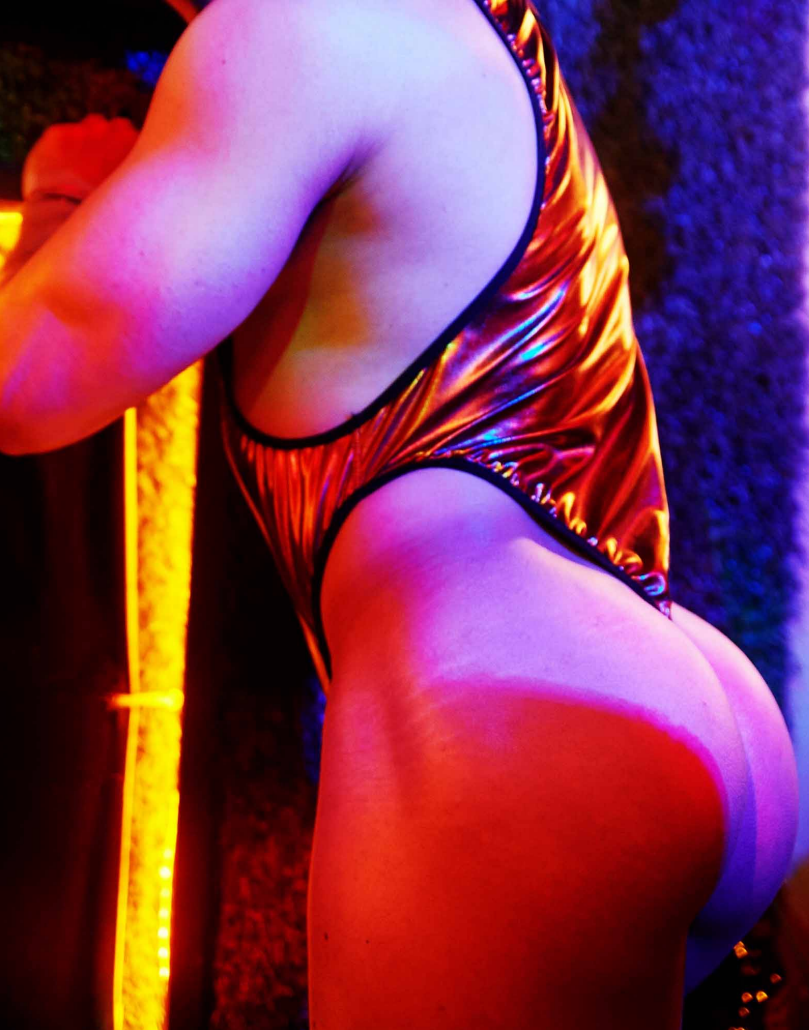
Images by

Daniel Cely



Atelier Cavalier Party





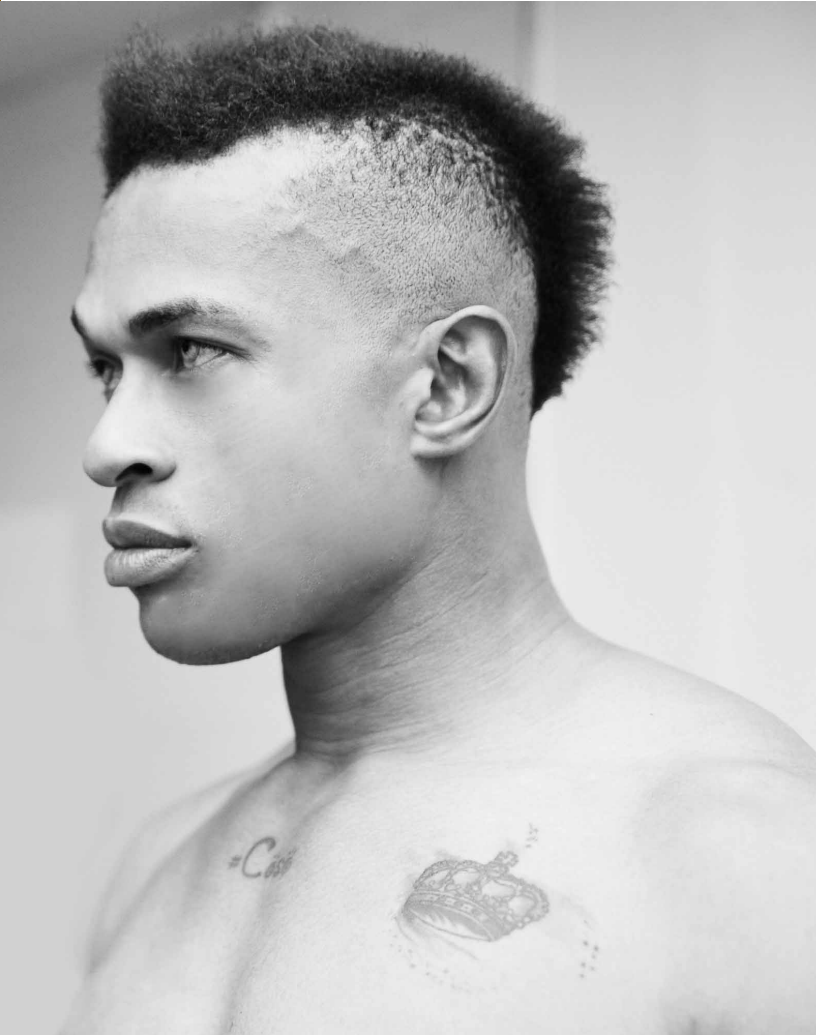
























# Throat Fucked by My Best Friend's Dad

Written by  
Lickitpig

**DISCLAIMER:** *This story and any/all others in this series are for entertainment purposes only. It depicts acts of a homosexual nature and includes frank descriptions of raunchy sexual behavior. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. If you are under age or offended by this type of behavior, please do not read any further.*

The smell of his manhood filled my nose as volley after volley of spunk coated the back of my throat. I struggled to swallow while Russell's huge, engorged cockhead still filled my mouth. The musky flavor of his cock snot and the heady aroma from his un-showered cock and balls overwhelmed my senses. I simply couldn't believe what was happening. Perhaps, however, I should back up a bit and tell you the entire story.

You see, growing up in a small town in the mountains of western North Carolina, there weren't a lot of opportunities for a young, gay man to "sow his oats". Long before the ease of internet or hookup apps, in the late 70s and early 80s being gay required a lot more creativity in order to scratch the "homo" itch.

At the time and especially in rural America, gay men were forced to seek affection and satisfaction in the shadows and on the outskirts of social norm. As crazy as it sounds by today's standards, even going to a gay bar required being

"sponsored" by a trusted member. Needless to say, in order to survive, gay men quickly learned to navigate the game of same-sex cruising seeking those much-needed primal "connections".

I got my driver's license at the usual age of 16. But I didn't buy my first car until I was 19. By then, even though I struggled to admit it to myself, the urge to "connect" with other men burned in my groin and clouded my thoughts. With my newfound freedom, however, I was able to explore on my own and to seek out like-minded, horny men with the same interests I shared.

Back in those days, the easiest place to score a hook up, of course, was an out-of-the-way, public men's room. The trick (no pun intended) was finding one that was not only cruisy but also private enough not to risk being caught. Quite by accident, I discovered just such a tearoom existed close to the entrance of a National Forest near my hometown.

The long circular drive around the perimeter  
Throat Fucked By My Best Friend's Dad



of the picnic area was dotted by a few permanent "out" buildings. Each building was divided in two, with the men's room door on one side and the women's on the other. While the modest, painted brick structures were equipped with running water for the sinks, urinals and flushable toilets, they didn't have power. Therefore, the only light in the small room came from the open door (when it was) as well as through the brick, lattice wall facing the roadway. Sitting on the metal, wall-mounted toilet, one could make out cars parking or passing by as well as the sidewalk leading up to the door. As with most vivid memories, I distinctly remember the smell of those facilities. Any guy who's ever used an older, public men's room is familiar with the smell. Similar to a locker room, the scent of dick, ass & stale piss lingers in the air no matter how well maintained or clean the john is. (I think I've always been aroused by that scent and associated it with man sex, even to this day.) Wonder why?

I quickly figured out one of the out buildings, in particular, seemed noticeably more cruisy than the others. So, I spent many an hour there, either sitting on the can waiting, like a Venus fly trap, for my occasional "prey". Or, I'd sit on a nearby picnic table and enjoy the natural beauty of the forest while monitoring the cummings and goings of the john Johns!

The men, usually older than me (& probably married on the DL) would drive the circle, taking inventory of potential partners from the safety and anonymity of their own cars. Getting caught sucking cock in a small town, the news would certainly spread like wildfire and it wouldn't take long before everyone in town knew. So, it was understood, one took extra precautions to take care of your gay "business" while staying discreet.

On several occasions, while sitting watch, I'd noticed a particular large, silver van making the rounds. The van seemed somewhat out of place with its custom paint job, tinted windows and a pair of large, fuzzy dice hanging from the rear view mirror. From what I could make of the driver, he appeared to be in his mid 40s, ruggedly handsome with longer, reddish brown hair, a square jaw and large hands.

One sunny day, I was sitting watch on a picnic table, catching a few rays near the cruisiest toilets, when the silver van started its rounds. With each revolution, the driver and I would make visual contact and after a couple more times around the Throat Fucked By My Best Friend's Dad

loop, a mutual nod of the head signaled interest. As the van passed for the 4th time, I decided to up the ante by getting up and, as obviously as possible, heading in the direction of the men's room door. Hoping my suiter had noticed, I quickly entered, walked into the toilet stall, closed and latched the door, dropped trow and settled my young, bubble butt directly on the cold, metal seat. First move made and the game was afoot!

Sitting on the can, I was able to peek through the small openings between the bricks enough to see if the silver van made another loop. And it did! But this time, it pulled in and parked directly across from the bathroom. I waited anxiously, with my heart pounding in my chest, while the man carefully surveyed our surroundings for any other passersby. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, for a horny young fag, he opened the door and stepped out.

"HOLY FUCK", I thought! Even though my view was partially obscured and I couldn't quite get a look at his face, this guy looked hot. A daddy bear, by any standard, he was wearing a lightweight, blue & gray flannel shirt with rolled up sleeves, dirty blue jeans and construction boots. He was the epitome of masculinity without a single ounce of "gayness". I heard his heavy boots hit the pavement as he strode toward the john and I held my breath as he entered the small room and walked to the urinal a foot or so away, blocked only by the partition between us.

Next came the familiar sound of a zipper and the rustle of denim as my new neighbor freed his manhood, then silence. I'd cruised this particular bathroom enough to know there were a couple of pencil-sized peep holes in the stall wall separating the urinal from the toilet. So, I quietly shifted my weight on the seat to see what I could make out through the tiny peep holes.

As I sank down, I heard the stranger's forceful stream of piss begin hitting the back of the metal, wall-mounted urinal. Crouched into position, peeking thru the tiny hole, I saw what had to be the largest, still soft cock I'd ever seen as it unleashed a steady torrent of yellow gold into the urinal. Within seconds, the familiar smell of his waste water started to fill the small tearoom. The flow seemed endless as he pissed what had to have been at least a quart of the pungent liquid into the urinal. I watched in awed silence as he relieved his swollen

*Continued on pg 54*



*Continued from pg 35*

showed improvement using this therapy over placebo. Interferon also has been shown to reduce penile pain in men with Peyronie's disease.

## Traction Therapy

Penile traction therapy involves stretching the penis with a self-applied mechanical device for a period of time to improve penile length, curvature and deformity.

Depending on the specific device, traction therapy may need to be worn for as little as 30 minutes to as much as three to eight hours a day to achieve benefits. The effectiveness of treatment may also depend on the specific device used.

Traction therapy is recommended in the early phase of Peyronie's disease. It's the only treatment shown to improve penile length. Traction therapy may also be used in the chronic phase of the disease, combined with other treatments or after surgery for a better outcome.

## Surgery

Your doctor might suggest surgery if the deformity of your penis is severe, sufficiently bothersome or prevents you from having sex. Surgery usually isn't recommended until you've had the condition for nine to 12 months and the curvature of your penis stops increasing and stabilizes for at least three to six months.

Common surgical methods include:

- **Suturing (plicating) the unaffected side.** A variety of procedures can be used to suture (plicate) the longer side of the penis — the side without scar tissue. This results in a straightening of the penis, although this is often limited to less severe curvatures. Several plication techniques may be

used, generally resulting in similar success rates depending on surgeon experience and preference.

- **Incision or excision and grafting.** With this type of surgery, the surgeon makes one or more cuts in the scar tissue, allowing the sheath to stretch out and the penis to straighten. The surgeon might remove some of the scar tissue.

A piece of tissue (graft) is often sewn into place to cover the holes in the tunica albuginea. The graft might be tissue from your own body, human or animal tissue, or a synthetic material.

This procedure is generally used in men with more-severe curvature or deformity, such as indentations. This procedure is associated with greater risks of worsening erectile function when compared with the plication procedures.

- **Penile implants.** Surgically placed penile implants are inserted into the spongy tissue that fills with blood during an erection. The implants might be semirigid — manually bent down most of the time and bent upward for sexual intercourse.

Another type of implant is inflated with a pump implanted in the scrotum. Penile implants might be considered if you have both Peyronie's disease and erectile dysfunction.

When the implants are put in place, the surgeon might perform additional procedures to improve the curvature if needed.

The type of surgery used will depend on your condition. Your doctor will consider the location of scar tissue, the severity of your symptoms and other factors. If you're uncircumcised, your doctor might recommend a circumcision during surgery.

Depending on the type of surgery you have, you might be able to go home from the hospital the same day or you might need to stay

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overnight. Your surgeon will advise you on how long you should wait before going back to work — generally, a few days. After surgery for Peyronie's disease, you'll need to wait four to eight weeks before sexual activity.

## Other Treatments

A technique known as iontophoresis uses an electric current to administer a combination of verapamil and a steroid noninvasively through the skin. Available research has shown conflicting results on penile curvature and erectile function.

Several nondrug treatments for Peyronie's disease are being investigated, but evidence is limited on how well they work and possible side effects. These include using intense sound waves to break up scar tissue (shock wave therapy), stem cells, platelet-rich plasma and radiation therapy.

## Coping and Support

Peyronie's disease can be a source of significant anxiety and create stress between you and your sexual partner.

Here are some tips for coping with Peyronie's disease:

- Explain to your partner what Peyronie's disease is and how it affects your ability to have sex.

- Let your partner know how you feel about the appearance of your penis and your ability to have sex.
- Talk to your partner about how the two of you can maintain sexual and physical intimacy.
- Talk to a mental health provider who specializes in family relations and sexual matters.

## Let's Talk More About Men's Issues

I have noticed that we guys do not talk enough about issues we should be discussing more frequently. This is one of them.

Understanding your body and how it functions is very important. Recognizing issues at early stages could be the difference between a simple solution or a major medical intervention. We must keep ourselves informed.

It has been a pleasure sharing this information with you, guys. Take care of yourselves!

Until next time,

PA Daddy J

Source: mayoclinic.org



Getting Raw





# Robert Henderson

Images by  
**Javier A Lara**



Robert Henderson



















bladder. After a few last squirts, my visitor just stood there, limp cock in hand. A large drop of piss glistened on the hole of his amazing cock. I fully expected he might zip up and leave. Maybe I'd misread his intent. I continued to watch as he slowly pulled on his thick member, squeezing the tip to release the last few drops of piss. To my happy surprise, rather than stop, he continued fondling his bull cock. Apparently aware of my intrusion of his privacy, he seemed intent to put on a show. He turned slightly toward me and stroked his massive member allowing it to grow to its fullest potential as I quietly watched.

The mushroom cap of his circumcised cock was the biggest I'd ever seen. Don't get me wrong; his entire cock was a gorgeous specimen of manhood, thick, probably 7.5 inches long and as thick as a water bottle. But it was his enormous head, as big as half a lemon, with a huge 2 inch piss slit that had me mesmerized. I wondered if my mouth were even big enough to suck the head, much less take any more. Scared this guy might just be setting me up to kick my ass, but incredibly horny and curious, it was an opportunity I couldn't let slip away.

My heart was beating out of my chest as I quickly peeked thru the brick to see if anyone else had arrived while I'd been hypnotized by the peep show. No one in sight! Thank God! I knew, from experience, I'd have to decide my next move and soon. My window of opportunity would close quickly if he heard a car or otherwise got spooked away from our tearoom rendezvous.

I leaned forward as far as I could and quietly slid back the lock on the stall door which let the door swing in just a couple inches. Had he noticed? What would he do? I could barely breath. In the deafening quiet, I heard him shift and take a couple heavy booted steps. The door to the stall pushed all the way open and he stepped inside.

I should mention I'm no "small fry". At 19, I was already 6'2" and weighed a solid 180. However, sitting on the metal throne, with my pants around my ankles and looking up at him, rigid cock in hand, I felt tiny. I was scared to death but you'd have never known since my rock-hard cock gave away my excitement. He turned to close the door. There was no escaping now, whatever was going to happen.

As he turned back to face me, sitting just three feet away, he hadn't bothered putting his dick back in his jeans. His monstrous, fully-engorged cockhead and piss slit were pointed right at my face. It was as if I were staring into an oncoming locomotive, head on! Trying to guess the next move, I looked up again, this time to get a good look at the man who was going to be using my throat. While I'd caught a glimpse of his dark, mirrored sunglasses, firm jaw line, short beard and longer, almost hippie, brown hair, I hadn't been able to make out the face until now. As he reached up and took off the sunglasses! another HOLY FUCK moment! I immediately recognized the man who was getting ready to feed me his dick; it was Russell Hickory! I fucking knew him and his last name!

In a small town, like the one where I grew up, "six degrees of separation" was more like three degrees! Turns out, Russell and his family were friends of our family when they'd lived a couple blocks down our street. I hadn't seen Mr. Hickory since they'd built their new house and moved to the other side of town when I was about 7. I was pretty sure he didn't recognize me because I'd obviously changed a lot in twelve years. He, maybe a little older and a little grayer, however was definitely and unmistakably Russell Hickory.

I repressed another panic attack as my brain quickly sifted through his new information, struggling to decide what to do. It would be difficult to play shy now. Any sudden change of plan would've made him take even more notice of me and possibly have given away my identity. Looking down to avoid his gaze as much as possible, I figured the closer he was the better, so I motioned for him to come over. Without hesitation, he took a step toward me as he unbuttoned the top button of his jeans. As the full length of his cock and huge untrimmed bush came into view, his musky, after-work dick smell smacked me in the face and just in time. The next couple minutes were a blur as every instinct I had fought in conflict. But, the dank, dark smell of his ripe manhood and his gruff voice startled me awake.

"Suck it!", he said, as the head of his dick reached my lips! (Guess this was really happening).

I opened wide and welcomed the salty taste of his unwashed dick in my mouth. Even a relative virgin to mansex, I could tell right away this wasn't



going to be a gentle affair. He reached for the back of my head to pull me all the way down on his shaft. Somehow, at least for a moment, I managed to stop him from a balls-deep thrust, with a slight turn of my head. I knew I'd have to, gradually, get used to his girth and try my best to relax my jaw and throat for the oncoming skull fuck.

His dick tasted as good as it smelled, definitely all man with no sense of self-consciousness at his lack of cleanliness or freshness! With each thrust of his hips, I was able to relax my throat and take more of, arguably, the biggest dick I'd had so far. His large glans filled my mouth completely. And Russell must've liked my initial, clumsy efforts because he was already leaking pre-cum like a sailor pulling into port. And thank God too! The cock snot helped lubricate the back of my throat with every slam.

My every apprehension faded into pure lust as the man who was old enough to be my own dad, took his pleasure in my teen mouth. The combination of horny, pure, animal instinct plus the knowledge I knew the owner of this amazing cock was almost more than my naïve, teenage brain could handle.

His cock was the stuff of porn and it made every nerve in my body tingle. And while I could've sucked his huge dick forever; unfortunately, my teenage libido had other plans. Less than 2 minutes later, just as Russell's engorged head made its way all the way down my throat for the first time, the lack of oxygen and the overpowering smell of his sex sent my body into auto-pilot. Without even touching my rigid member, I shuddered and blew three or four tablespoons of nut all over the cement floor between us.

From my limited experience, the tearoom custom I expected was that once one party busted his nut (in this case me), the other party would quickly excuse himself and leave to resurvey the area and not risk getting caught. Russell's feet, however, remained firmly in place and the assault on my throat continued. I used my hands and pushed back on his hips to try and catch my breath. "Oh NO faggot, I'm not done yet!", he said as he pulled my head tighter into his crotch and increased the speed of his thrusts.

By this point, the brain fog created by my need to cum had begun to clear and paranoia quickly kicked in. Thoughts of being caught crept back but the brain fuck continued. Tears streamed

Throat Fucked By My Best Friend's Dad

down my cheeks as Russell showed me what he had meant about not being "done"! I struggled to breath between each throat-deep intrusion. Whether he knew who I was or not, it was obvious he didn't care at this point and only needed one thing from me.

My throat rebelled against his massive dick. I'd never experienced such a violent act of sexual dominance, but I liked it. My throat instinctively started producing copious amounts of saliva to deal with the relentless invasion. Slobber rolled off my chin and I felt like a bull dog chewing on a bone as Russell continued raping my throat with his smelly dick.

After what seemed an eternity, but was probably only 5-6 minutes of ruthless skull fucking, Russell grabbed my head by the ears with both hands. He forced his cock so far down my throat my face was completely buried in his musky bush. His large balls slapped my chin for the last time and I felt my throat burn as volley upon volley of his perfect tasting, salty spunk coated my raw throat.

A second later and clearly spent, Russell smacked me, rather forcefully, on the side of my face and said, "Next time, don't stop no matter what faggot!". Without as much as a "thanks", he stuffed his softening hog back into his fly (leaving a trail of cum on his jeans), turned, unlatched the stall door and walked out without even stopping to wash his hands.

I sat, in exhausted disbelief trying to regain my composure and let the flush settle from my cheeks. The smell of piss & sex lingered in the room. I heard the rumble of the van as Russell cranked it and then listened as the hum of the engine slowly disappeared around the next turn. Just as quickly as it had started, it was over.

Thirty two years later, openly gay and happily married to a wonderful man, I think back on my experiences of youth and my sexual awakening at a time when being gay in small-town American was still a thing left to the shadows.

Russell may never have put two and two together about who I was. I hope he didn't figure it out and fret about it too much after. I doubt it. I think he knew his secret was safe with me.

Although, regrettably, it never happened again, I will never forget my raunchy, toilet hookup with best friend's daddy. You just can't make this shit up!



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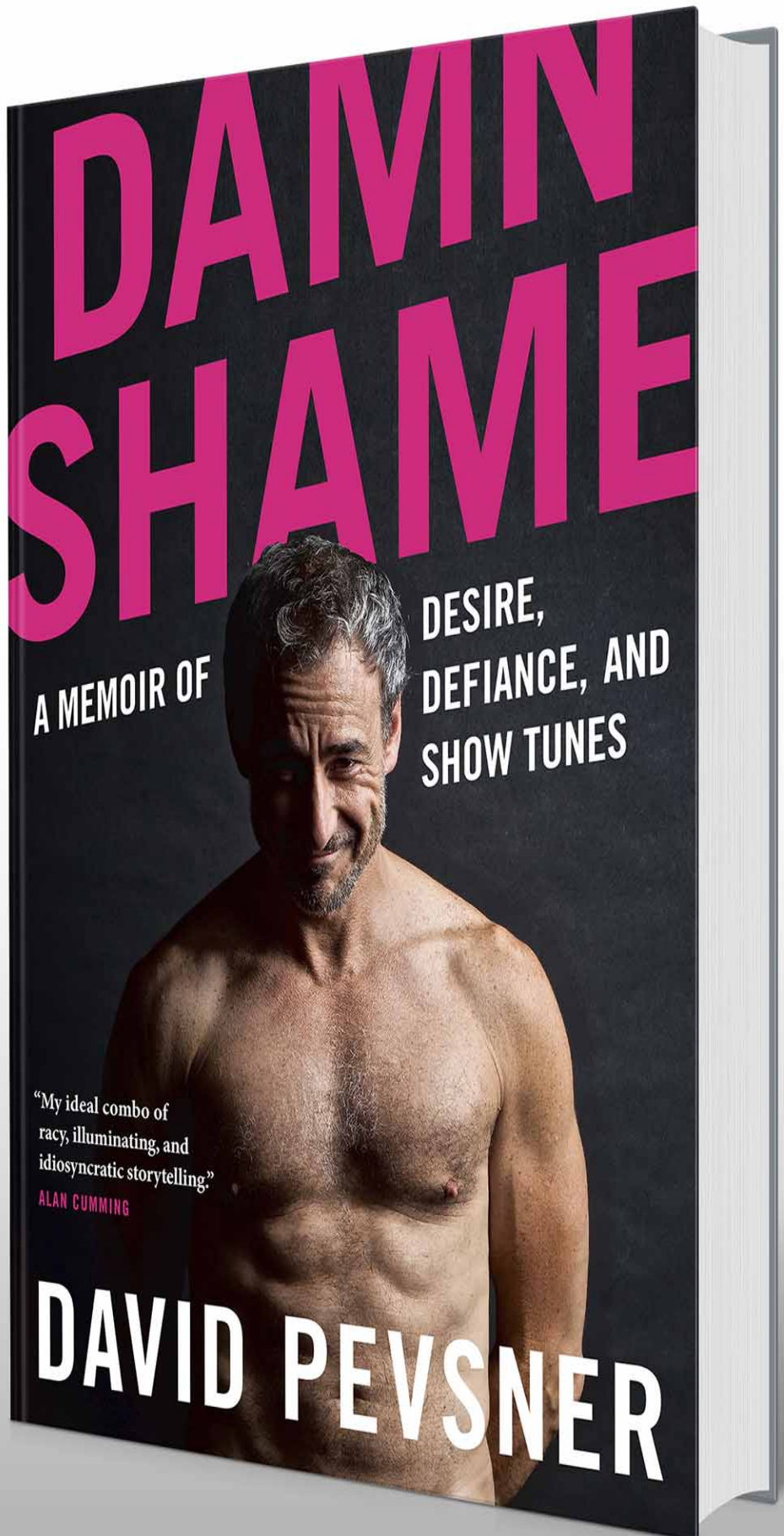
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“Who could imagine that a book which deals unapologetically with exhibitionism, LGBT ageism and sex work could be so filled with charm and self-deprecating good humour?” — **Charles Busch**, actor and author of *The Tale of the Allergist’s Wife*





# 2021 IML 21 IMLBB

## An Insider Perspective

Written by **Tom “Sarge” Greenlief**

Photos courtesy of International Mr. Leather

Let me start out, right off the bat, by saying that I am not a journalist, or author, and I tend to write the same way that I speak. That said, when approached by Desert Heat about them including an article about International Mr. Leather Weekend for the May issue I was a little overwhelmed. There are so many things I could say I just didn't know where to begin. Actually, being a part of this organization for 26 years there are plenty of emotions wrapped up into a weeklong tradition that many have yet to experience would make it hard to translate feelings into words.

I decided to start from the beginning, as we do. IML was the vision of Chuck Renslow with the very first contest weekend being in May of 1979 when it moved from being a bar contest as Mr. Gold Coast to an international draw. But let's go back even further to say that he had started out as a photographer and magazine publisher for gay erotica, he was a pioneer in giving us many of the freedoms our younger generation takes for granted. He was artistic, entrepreneurial, and brilliant at bringing his community the content they craved from the leather, bdsm and kink groups he supported. Without that drive and belief in his community we would not be talking about the largest convention for leather and fetish and the tradition, family, and tribe that it has embraced.

He of course, like any person in the spotlight, was not without his controversies. For most of us that knew him, worked with him, looked up to him and volunteered our time and energy to his projects they are just clouds on a sunny day. When you were in the presence of Chuck Renslow it was always for a greater purpose than anything you could achieve on your own.

Now that I have that out of my system... saying that International Mr. Leather is a convention of like-minded people that come together over Memorial Day weekend in Chicago to celebrate leather, fetish, and bdsm lifestyles seems understated. People







come from all over the world to experience the sense of community and togetherness and express themselves in a comfortable safe environment. It centers around the contests, but by no means is defined by them.

Starting on Thursday night (May 26th) is the

Opening Ceremonies, this year at VenueSIX10 will be the public's first look at the Class of 2022. Here is where you will also meet the judges and several key people in the organization. This year the Master of Ceremonies for all three contest events will be returning our friend, Entertainer Thib Guicherd-Callin. Always confident that he keeps the show running on pace with class, confidence, and humor. One of his best talents is the ability to correctly pronounce any name put in front of him. No pressure, Thib ☺

Friday is a busy day even without a contest. There are plenty of sights to see in the Leather Market, the lobby of the Congress Hotel and Convention Center

(our host hotel) is a place to be and be seen. This year marks the 30th Anniversary of the International Mr. Bootblack competition and their first shine is Friday afternoon and there may be some surprise appearances this year for the lucky few that get to be the first boots the contestants get to work on. Later on, that night the parties start with Off Leash: The Pup and Handler Romp and the Rubber Gear Social hosted by MIR and the Chicago Leather Club.

Saturday is always my favorite day of the weekend, it is jam packed with events all day and educational, sexy, and the hotel is just abuzz with hot men and women from all over the world. You can just hang out in the lobby and absorb the energy, shop in the market, take in a KinkU session, walk the halls looking for endless opportunities, check out some club socials or nap and save your energy for the night contest of Pecs and Personality and/or prepare for parties like Leather Bear Stampede and Gear Blast. Or if you are really fearless bring tons of wardrobe changes and hit them all.

Sunday, of course, is the big day for our contestants. It's the last chance for our bootblacks to show their shine capabilities and impress their judges. I should add that every package holder gets a ticket to choose their bootblack and get a shine. So, forget about doing your own boots and let these folks work their magic and support them in their 30th anniversary.

*Continued on pg 73*





**INSTAGRAM:**

Model:

@gfhawz

Fashion:

@ateliercavalier.co

**TWITTER:**

Model:

@yourass2021

Fashion:

@ateliercavalier



# BOOTY MASTER

**MODEL & PHOTOS:**

WILLIAMS RINCÓN

**UNDERWEAR:**

@ATELIERCAVALIER.CO

Meet Williams: He's a twenty something hunk who works by day as a regular Joe and plays dirty by night. A mystery man with a deep voice that conquers social media with a chiseled physique and an unbeatable ass so perfect that is impossible to describe: two round and soft cheeks ready to be massaged and a butt hole that will make you drool.

**EDWARD MURILLO MORENO:** Tell us a bit about you.

**WILLIAMS RINCON:** Well, I have two “mes”, one is the image you see on social media and the real me. So choose wisely which one do you want to know (laughs)

**EMM:** I know both, but most people don't know the real you but explain to us first your social media persona: Stefano.

Stefano is a slut, a filthy whore, a man-eater. Stefano is a modern Italian lover, but he loves himself. I just let him play with my body, he knows how to use it. Everyone loves Stefano but no one really can get him or fuck him. He represents my, my erotic side and I enjoy letting him be free on social media.

**EMM:** Stefano is popular on social media, but still a mystery. Can you explain to us why?

**WR:** Well, today everyone wants to be seen and I love it too, but we forget that private life is a valuable treasure and sometimes we share too much about our personal issues. Stefano has a “private life” he enjoys exploring his body in his apartment playing dress-up in naughty lingerie, making daily stuff like cleaning, gaming or just hanging around.

**EMM:** We see, your Instagram posts are unfiltered, no retouching, no hiding. Is that part of him or part of you Williams.

**WR:** Well, Stefano is me, I am a simple guy. I don't like to lie or to brag about a life I don't want. I post the pictures I like and the videos I feel comfortable with. Williams let Stefano have fun in his private context and people seem to like it.

**EMM:** Indeed they do, you have a very popular Twitter and keep growing a lot, but why you don't follow anyone there?

**WR:** Twitter, like most of my social media, is for work purposes, Stefano has become an important part of my professional life. I make an income with them and I don't need to follow or catch up with what's cool or not. I just post what I enjoy and I feel people want to see that about Stefano.

**EMM:** What do you think people like about Stefano?

**WR:** He's a sexual beast. He enjoys playing with his dildo collection wearing expensive underwear while doing daily tasks. He can start the day gaming and suddenly feels the urge to explore his body.

Starting to touch his hard pecs, ripped abs, then he grabs an oil bottle and start to rub his round ass and maybe start to stroke his hard dick until he comes all over his body or, maybe he's making the bed and feels the urge to wear a thong bodysuit to plug a glass dildo inside his tight man pussy and ride it hard until he starts to jerk off and finish with a huge load of

jizz. I love to dress up and straight men pay well to watch my ass.

**EMM:** Wow! Such a graphic journey! You do know how to make a man hard. Do you enjoy doing what you do?

**WR:** You mean Stefano right? I do. I like to be seen wearing costumes and giving pleasure to my body with no boundaries, my top viewers are straight men who feel curious about a Latin macho wearing thongs, moaning with a deep voice while he plays with his dick, and round ass.

Booty Master







"Stefano is a sexual beast. He enjoys playing with his dildo collection wearing expensive underwear while doing daily tasks."

THIS PAGE:

Stockings:  
**MODEL'S  
OWN**

BOTH PAGES:

Thong Bodysuits:

**ATELIER  
CAVALIER**





A man with dark, wavy hair and a beard is posing in a blue, shiny thong bodysuit. He is leaning against a dark metal railing, looking back over his shoulder at the camera. His right hand is resting on his left buttock. The background features a red door and a textured wall.

"Thong  
bodysuits  
are my  
favorite  
fetish  
undies:  
a money  
maker"





BOTH PAGES:  
Bunny Ears  
and Tail:  
**ATELIER  
CAVALIER**

"I love to dress up and straight men pay well to watch my beautiful ass."

**EMM:** Your ass, it is just fantastic, sorry to be rude, but how do you keep it so beautiful?

**WR:** Well, thank you (blushes) it's my favorite body part. I train daily to get it in the right shape, but I have a body too, so I try to have a healthy life full of exercise and healthy eating to be a complete person and function properly every day. I like to take care of my skin without being too picky as well, i go to the spa once a week, and I avoid the sun most of the time. I am kind of allergic.

**EMM:** That sounds like a lot of work, is there any time left to be Williams?

**WR:** Of course, to be me I need Stefano to look good. I am part of Stefano, he's just the image I want to show to the world and an image that pays my bills once in a while.

**EMM:** I see, so is Onlyfans that successful? We see lots of guys posting stuff, but always with the caption "full at Only fans" you are part of that crew.

**WR:** Let's talk real: Onlyfans like any other social media outlet, it needs to be done properly to take advantage of it. To me, it works, but not on the level to make it my main income. I work hard to do it, but I know that it's going to take some time and I am cool with it. I'd rather wait and take a check than post my full content for free for no reason.

"Onlyfans like any other social media outlet, it needs to be done properly to take advantage of it."







THIS PAGE:  
Thong:  
**ATELIER  
CAVALIER**

OPPOSITE PAGE:  
Thong Bodysuit:  
**ATELIER  
CAVALIER**  
69

**EMM: Have ever considered collaborating with any other content creators to make more money?**

Nah, i don't need it, I mean, it would help me a lot yes, but at hat cost? I love me, I sell an image of me, sharing that with a person that doesn't understand my point of view just to cash it, it's silly. People want me as a fantasy, as something they can get, but they know they won't.

**EMM: Raw, and sincere words buddy. Williams, I know you, but most of the people don't. Can you describe yourself after you gave us such an extensive description of Stefano?**

**WR:** Well, it's boring to talk about you but I will try. I am Williams Rincón, a migrant from Venezuela living in Colombia, I am 26 years old. I like to go to the gym. I am very shy, but if you know me I can be a very nice chat partner.

I am a model for Carolina Herrera and Dolce & Gabbana fragrances in Colombia, when I need extra money I do premium whisky tastings and I enjoy simple things like a walk or a hot coffee.

**EMM: I've worked with you and you are just amazing. You dance amazing, your photos are just amazing. in a previous event, the club owner was amazed by your dance moves and hot body. Is dance important to you?**

**WR:** He!, TNX baby. You know I do my best and if you tell me in advance, I'll go wherever you tell me, and thanks for the compliments. Dance allows me to express my sensuality and go-go dancing is my favorite. I did it a lot in Venezuela, but here my agenda is so full that when I can do it, I just let

my body go wild. About modeling is my job, I know what to express for any brand I work with, your brand is sexy, risky, and very chic, so when I do pictures for you I just let myself go, and sometimes Stefano takes the scene and magic happens.

**EMM: Talking about the wild side, most people don't know that you are my international brand ambassador. How can you describe working for my brand ATELIER CAVALIER?**

**WR:** Well, I love it, your clothes are sexy but expensive made and very comfortable. Stefano can play with style and I just love how many choices you have. From all the incredible stuff you have thong bodysuits are my favorite fetish undies: a moneymaker.

**EMM: Which is your favorite ATELIER CAVALIER garment.**

**WR:** All thong related as I told you. I live for them, but your new dildos are amazing! The one you sent in glass is my favorite. It is the best lover: it keeps hard & glides smoothly in my man pussy,

**EMM: Thank you Williams for sharing this time with me, any last words.**

**WR:** Of course, first of all, thank you for this special opportunity to show my work in a very beautiful way (he is watching closely the final pictures), and to all the readers do not forget to follow me on my social media and subscribe to my Onlyfans.

Instagram: **@GFHAWZ**  
Twitter: **@YOURASS2021**

OnlyFans:  
**ONLYFANS.COM/WILLIAMSREAL1**

Interview:  
**@EDWARDMURILLOMORENO**

THIS PAGE:

Glass


Dildo:

**ATELIER  
CAVALIER**

Booty Master





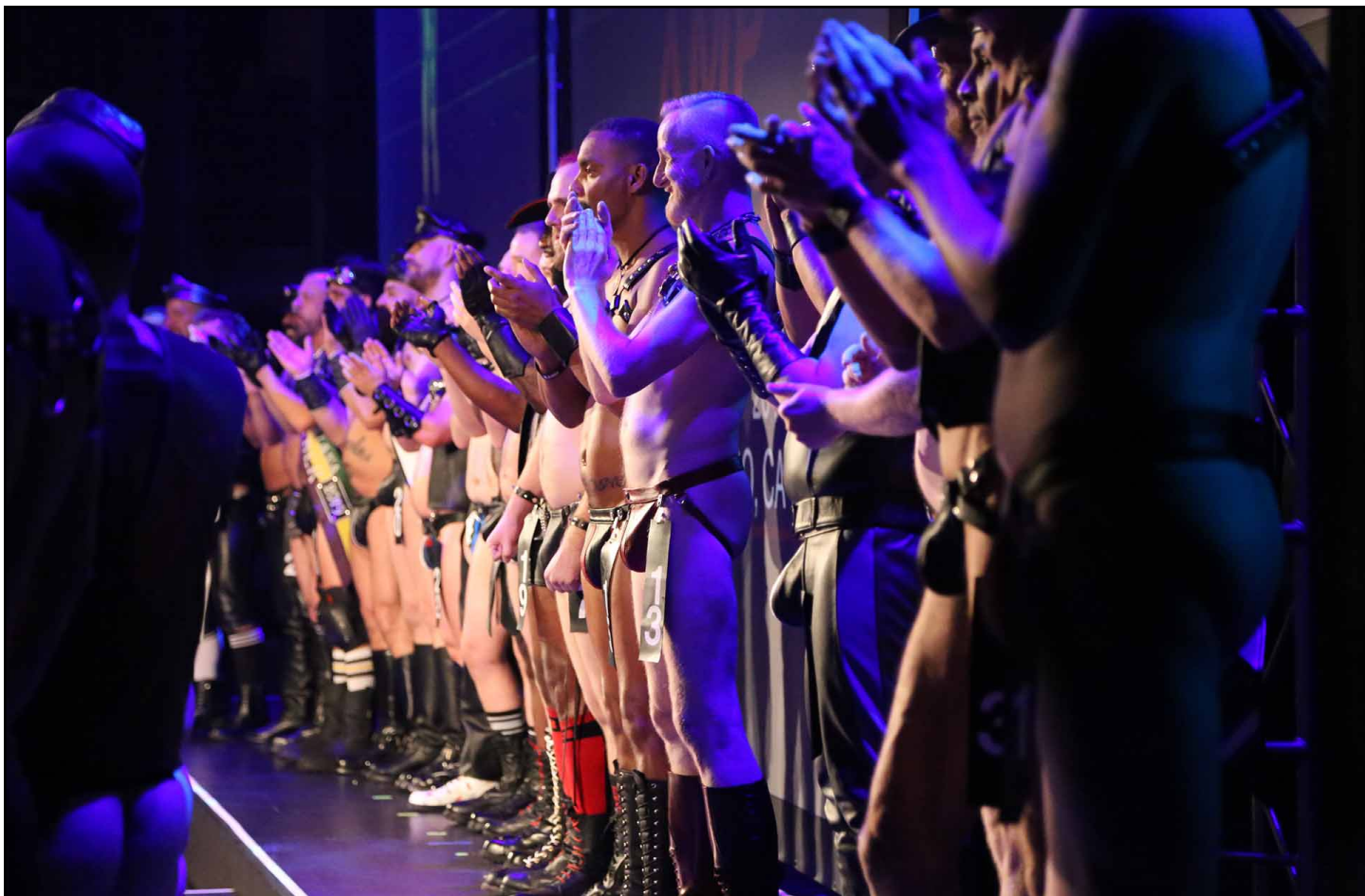
A photograph of a person from the back, showing their buttocks and lower back. They are holding a clear, crystal-like dildo in their hand, which is inserted into their rectum. The person has a small tattoo on their upper back. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"My crystal  
dildo is the best  
lover: it keeps  
hard & glides  
smoothly in my  
man pussy."

# DHM Fan ~ Christophe







*Continued from pg 56*

Honestly, this day for me is mostly spent at the theater, preparing things for the “Big Show”. There are many final preparations that happen behind the scenes and the illustrious Den Daddy, Jeff Tucker with our production staff, Craig Neumann herding all of the hopefuls through many rehearsals. The contest starts promptly at 6pm at the Arie Crown Theater and there will be bus transportation provided for all ticket holders leaving the hotel starting at 4:30 with the doors opening at 5pm. The contest is always exciting, I remember being on the stage in 1996 and feeling the energy as they call the top 20, listening to all of the speeches, the power of the crowd supporting their choices, and the judges hanging on every word hoping every contestant nails their connection. Believe it or not, we all want every man on that stage to do well, but eventually it has to be narrowed down to runners-up and one International Mr. Leather 2022, and one International Mr. Bootblack 2022. As if finding the person to represent leathermen and bootblacks everywhere for a title year wasn’t enough, you have to save your energy for the greatest celebration at the Victory

Party at the House of Blues and keep it going until the wee hours of 4am.

Monday it isn’t quite over yet, the vendors are working their last day and hopefully they still have stock this year as our pre-sales have been really strong showing us that this is going to be a great year for everyone. It’s also our final day, and we have a premier reception for the winners and they too get to walk the market and pick up some of the prizes they won and there are plenty of photo ops and times to see them and congratulate them in person. But, the pinnacle and most anticipated dance event is the Black & Blue Ball at the House of Blues that night. Circuit Mom always manages to pull out all the stops and capsulize the energy of the week with this final event.

This of course isn’t the full event list, just highlights. We have a few different ways for you to keep up to date on all the happenings. The website is the first place we send everyone [www.imrl.com](http://www.imrl.com) has a list of all the ticket prices, judges, events, vendors,

*Continued on pg 91*



# Austin Lacrosse



Images by  
**Taylor  
Imagined**



Austin Lacrosse























# (M)e and (M)y friend both swear we're straight

Story by DomDomBoy

This happened about a month after graduating. Me and my friend, we'll call him Cody, were browsing Omegle at 2am because we were bored.

We were just having fun talking to people when we got into a conversation with this girl, her name was Marissa, brown hair with blonde highlights. She had her nice perky C cup boobs pushed up with a tight crop top showing the perfect amount of cleavage. She had a small waist, wide hips, with a red g-string and short denim frayed shorts on that whenever she turned around would perfectly show her bubble shaped butt just enough to get any guy hard as a rock. She seemed to be around 22 or 23 years old. She had a few tattoos; a crown on her hip, a flower on her shoulder, and an arm piece that appeared to be a demon girl using a flog on a nude man that was tied up, and all around the image was like an image of hell, red, fire, skulls, the usual idea of hell.

I didn't think anything of it until she said, "Do you guys know what a dominatrix is?" Then it clicked for me.

Cody wasn't too into anything out of vanilla sex so he didn't understand. So I explained to him "It's basically when a girl is a dominant to a submissive."

Cody paused and stated, "Oh thats.. interesting?"

Marissa continued on about how she loves being in charge of others, that it gets her off to see people beg for her attention and touch and so on. She told us about how she has never had more than one person submit to her at a time, and that she had a fantasy of it.

I said that it sounded like it would be a fun experience for her to which she replied, "Would you two be interested in having some fun?"

Which Cody quickly responded quickly with, "You'd have to pay me to submit to anyone."

While I was intrigued because I'm one of those, "you gotta try everything once" type of guys. I said to Marissa, "What were you thinking we'd do?"

She smirked at the camera and said, "Well, if your friend wants money I can make that happen... give me your cashapps."

We look at each other with a confused face and we both tell her out cashapps. She sent us both \$20.

"Why did you do that?", Cody asked.

Marissa replied with, "Kiss each other."

To which I replied, "I mean, it's not like were making out. It's an easy \$20."

Cody agreed and we quickly pecked each other on the lips.

Marissa said, "Good, now take your clothes off down to your underwear."

I have a slim to athletic body type, at this

time, so I had no problem getting half naked in front of this beautiful girl.

But Cody went, "What? No, I wont do that for \$20."

So, Marissa grabbed her phone and then sets it down after a minute. Cody's phone buzzes and she sent him \$50!

"Alright, sure, I'll do it for \$50". Cody said to us.

Cody took his shirt off showing his muscular body. He was about 3 inches taller than me and about 40 pounds heavier. Then he took his shorts off and sat back down next to me. I remember looking over and thinking "Jesus Christ, he is fucking ripped".

Marissa giggled and said, "Watching you both do this is making me so wet." She started to rub her crotch and continued with, "Now I want you to bite his neck", signaling me to bite Cody.

"I'm not really comfortable with that." I said, to which cody agreed with.

Marissa rolled her eyes and grabbed her phone. Both our phones buzzed. She sent both of us \$100.

I looked at Cody and said, "I mean how bad could it be?"

Marissa says a few moments later, "Make its sexy for me. Lick his neck and bite it."

I look over at Cody and he sighs. He signals to do it. I run my tongue from his collar bone slowly up his neck till i bite down hard enough to leave teeth marks and make him wince slightly. We look over at Marissa and shes fingering herself.

Through her moans, she goes, "Good boys. Now kiss some more. A little longer for me."

Cody and I both get hard from seeing her masturbate. Both of our hard dicks clearly able to be seen through our underwear. We both had about the same size cock, 7 inch, his was a little thicker.

We look at each other and Cody says to me, "We're just gonna make more money, I just don't want this to go too far."

I agreed and he grabbed my head and kissed me softly. His lips pressed against mine. His tongue slightly touching my lips. He bit my lip to which i did the same back and we sat back down and watched Marissa continue to moan as she





touched herself.

Moaning, she said, “mph fuck! Yes, good boys. I see your having fun. I want you to jerk each other off.”

Cody instantly said, “That’s too far for me.”

Marissa kept rubbing her clit and said, “Do it and I’ll send you even more.”

I, again just up to try everything once, grab hold of Cody’s dick. He was so hard it would barely bend. Cody made a face of pleasure slightly, and looked at me and whispered, “If we do this we can’t tell anyone.”

I replied, “No shit! I just want some money.” And laughed.

He pulled my underwear down and gripped my cock tightly to the point it hurt but I just let him do it because i wanted the money and i really didn’t care about feeling his dick. While he grabs my dick like he’s choking it, i take his underwear off and softly slide my hand up and down his shaft. While we do this, a few minutes pass by as we awkwardly sit there, jerking each other off, completely naked. Our phones buzz and we see she sent us \$250 each!

We both were amazed but we keep jerking and Cody moans a little while he suffocates mine. We see Marissa has a vibrator between her legs. Our phones buzz again and she says to me, “Suck his dick.” We check our phones and she sent us \$500!

Cody states, “I won’t suck dick but for \$500 I’ll take it.”

Cody leans back putting his hand on my head pushing it towards his cock. I open my mouth and his white, cut, veiny, 7 inch long cock slides into my mouth. He’s alot thicker than i thought. His tip spreads my mouth to the point my jaw hurt.

Marissa, off to the side, watches us and commands, “That’s a good slave. Now make him cum.”

I swirl my tongue on the tip of his cock. I bob my head up and down, hearing how much saliva sloshes in my mouth. I was just trying to keep my teeth away from his dick. I grab the base of his, now wet from spit, cock and begin jerking it off while bobbing my head up and down quickly, still using my tongue to tease the top of his dick.

Cody moans under his breath, “Fuck, I’m close.”

So, I begin to lift my head off to jerk him off (M)e and (M)y friend both swear were straight

till he finishes, when I suddenly feel his hands grab the back of my head and push his cock in till it hits my throat. I open my mouth and gag, gasping for air. He grunts as he quickly shoves his cock in and out of my mouth probably 8 times hitting my throat, once more, to make me choke, till he moans loudly and I feel a slimy, salty, string of his cum shoot to the back of my throat. I instantly gag and try to pull back but he stopped my head right where my lips were wrapped around the tip of his cock. As I struggle to pull away, I feel 6 more salty cum ropes land across my tongue and fill my mouth.

Now, for some reason, this made me so fucking horny my cock was seeping cum. But I whip my head back and cum spills out of my mouth, on my body and legs, and Cody’s cock was throbbing still.

“Bro, what the fuck!” I yelled.”

“Sorry, man, it felt hella good.” Cody replied.

Marissa states “What good little slaves. You did everything Mistress asked, even if it took some enticing. We can have more fun another time.”

She posted her snapchat, in the chat, and left the call. We looked each other in a way of “we really just did that”.

I got up and said i was gonna shower, which i did. When i came back to the room Cody was asleep and everything was turned off. He was still naked, which, after everything we did, I didn’t really care anymore. He was in his bed, stomach down, with his toned ass out. His cock, between his leg, had some dried cum on the tip.

I started to get hard, but I ignored it, and laid on the couch on the side of his room. I was laying there, just thinking about the fact getting his cock shoved in my mouth literally made me precum. Did that make me gay? No, I just wanted the money. But my cock was hard? I must have been looking at Marissa masturbating. I look over at Cody and he rolled over to his back now and his cock is sticking up, hard as bone. I bit my lip and started slowly jerking myself trying to be quiet so i didn’t wake him.

I stoked my cock a few times then suddenly I hear, “Hey, you awake?”

I think “fuck, i woke him up.” I stopped suddenly and tried to hide my boner under a blanket.

“Yeah, what’s up?” I reply.

*Continued on pg 90*



# Sid Prescott

Images provided by Sid Prescott























Cody says, "Sorry about not letting you off at the end. It felt really good."

I reply with, "You're all good. That shit was just nasty. And there was so damn much." And we both chuckled a little.

"Hey, can we try one more thing?" Cody asked.

In response I say, "Uh.. what do you mean?"

He pauses for a minute, "Well, I saw you jerking off a minute ago. Did doing all that turn you on?"

I responded with "Yeah, I'm not gonna lie, it made me horny. Plus, you got to cum. I didn't."

He says, "Can I try fucking you? If you don't like it, I'll suck you off till you cum."

My eyes open wide in either astonishment, or in excitement, that I didn't wanna show.

I said, "do you have lube?" To which, he holds up a like gallon of lube? Like, who just has a gallon of lube? But I say "Okay, sure, but if I try to get away just stop this time."

He agreed and he stood up off his bed and waved me over to the bed. As I got up he was jerking his soft, but massive, dick till it got hard. I stood in front of him and he told me to bend over the bed. I nervously turned around and bent over the bed, leaving my nude ass at perfect height for his cock to slide in me. He put lube on his finger and slid it in. I didn't really react. It didn't hurt at all. A few slides later, he slipped a second one in. I felt pressure in my ass but still no pain really. He fingered my ass with two fingers slowly gaining speed till he stopped for a second and slid a third in. This one, again, didn't hurt but I felt my hole stretch. It felt good to me. I softly moaned. He scoffed and started finger fucking my ass so fast that i sprawled out on the bed after a few seconds. He lifted my ass up, bringing my knees up onto the bed. He lubed his cock up.

"Ready?" He asked.

"I don't know?" I reply.

I feel the pressure of his hard tip press against my hole. My reflex makes me pucker up.

He sticks a finger in and says "Relax, I don't wanna hurt you."

So, I relax and, as my head hit the bed with my ass in the air, he replaced his finger with the tip of his cock. This sent a shock up my body. Both of

pain and curiosity. I didn't give a reaction other than a slight grunt.

He asked "You okay?"

"Mhm", I reply.

He slides about half his cock in me. I wince. Okay, that hurt a little. But now Cody's thick tip is pressed up against my prostate. Even though it hurt, I moaned. He noticed and he slid in and out, all the way out, and half way back in, 4 times, I counted. On the last thrust he grunted and i felt his hips press against my ass cheeks. His entire cock was in me. He slid out and back in. I felt his balls smack against mine. He sped up with each thrust. He pulled his cock out making a plop sound, my asshole dripping. He yanked my legs making me lay on my stomach. He pulled my ass in the air and shove his dick back in me. I gripped the sheets as he drilled every inch of his cock in me. He was up on his feet, pounding my ass. His hips slapping against my ass. I feel his cock rubbing against my prostate. I can't help but moan, "fuck fuck fuck" every thrust in me makes my body tingle. My toes are curling, my stomach begins to tense up. I push my ass up to him as a sensation runs through my body. He lays his chest on my back. I arch my ass up allowing every inch in me, His hips still slapping against my ass. He grunts with every thrust, till he slams his cock all the way in and moans. I feel his cock pulsing in me. But he's motionless. Just heavy breathing and sweat dripping on my back. He starts to get up and I turn around and see cum dripping off his cock into my ass.

"Fuck, thats.." I said.

"Sorry, i couldn't pull out." He said cutting me off.

We get off the bed. A puddle of cum was on the bed. He made me cum by fucking my ass.

"Sorry.." as i laugh.

My legs were shaky, then i feel cum and lube draining out of my ass. It felt so, erotic. It felt so.. good.

Cody said "So, we don't tell anyone about this right?"

"No we don't." I reply.

He wipes my cum off the bed, then cleaned off my legs and ass. My asshole was so sensitive. I could barely walk but I loved it.

He laid back down, I laid back on the bed. We passed out and went on the next day like nothing even happened. Its great.

(M)e and (M)y friend both swear were straight





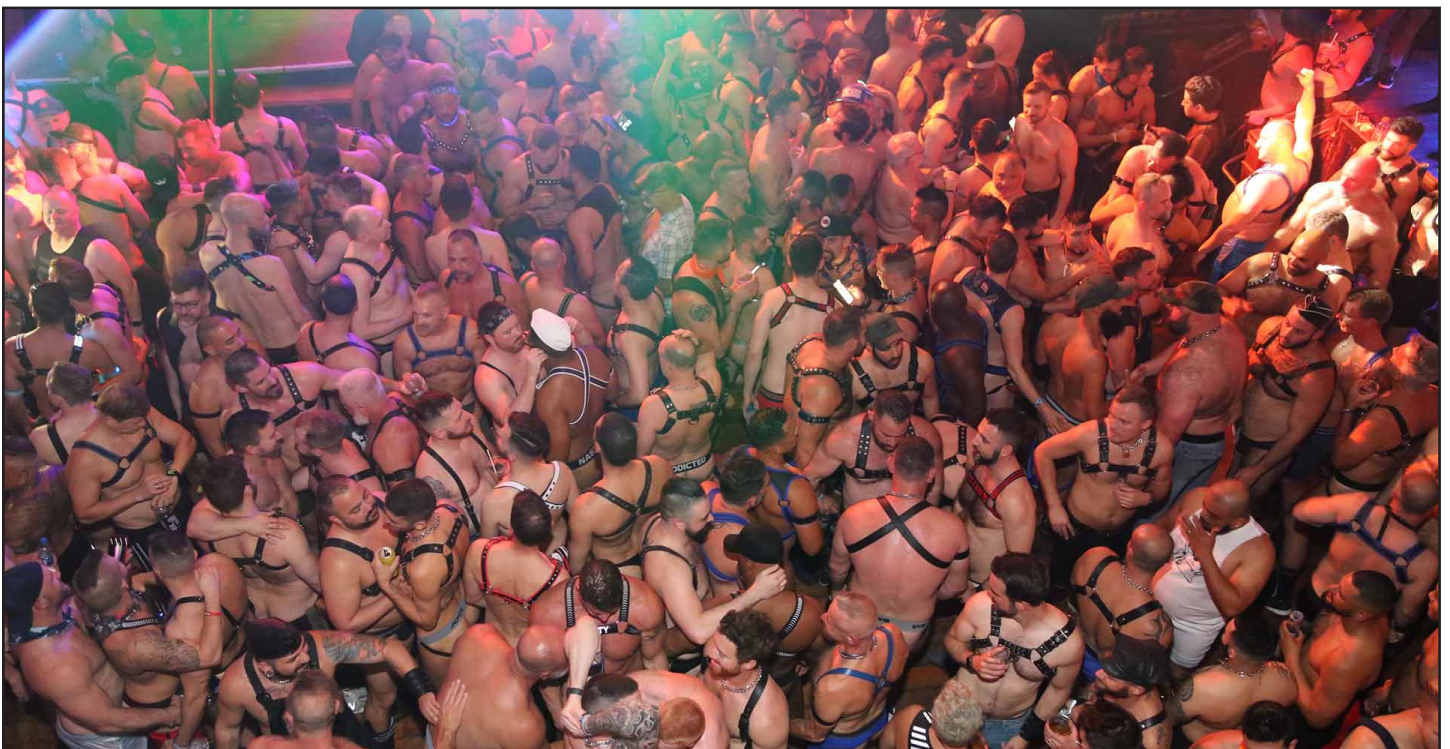
going to keep our history alive through the exhibits at the Leather Archives and Museum we have a greater responsibility to preserve and show upcoming generations the lives we have led that have created the culture we now live in. My history with this event is based out of the friendships and family I have that keep me coming back. With family like Bill Stadt and Jon Krongaard coming into leadership and offering me opportunities I never knew existed it remains a constant passion project. After 3 years since our tribe has been able to congregate, I am more than proud of my contributions and the many many people that have kept Chucks vision alive. Thank the volunteers when you see them! It takes 100's of people that graciously donate their time to keep everything running smoothly and without them it would be chaos. There is a special excitement about returning this year and when it all unfolds, I hope all of you take something bigger away from your time there. Something more than just the parties, beautiful people and all the new gear. I hope you take the sense of community we try very hard to build and maybe even start some legacy friendships like I have managed over the last 26 years. This weekend can change your life forever in the best ways possible. I hope to see you all there!

Tom "Sarge" Greenlief  
Executive Project Manager of International Mr. Leather  
Owner of Profiles by Sarge!

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everything you need to know is there. We also have the Yapp app... and that has everything as well and is accessible on your mobile devices and there is the Official Guide to IML printed by Windy City Times.

Just keep in mind, this weekend is an experience. It is entirely what you make of it. With all of the profits







# Marcel

Images provide by Marcel Bietau













Marcel









Marcel

Who's Next?



Coming June 4th

It could be you!!

You'll find out 1 week after IML